

I learned that James Frazer, his arm

brown flesh tore away from him as he  
caught at her bridle, had ridden after  
me, and been the first to lift me from  
the water. Many times daily he made

inquiries concerning me; his hand had been the hand that had sent the rare flowers that had decked my room; his were the lips that breathed words of comfort and hope to my poor mother; his were the books that I read during the days of convalescence; and his, now, the arm that supported me, gently and slowly and painfully I paced the garden walks.

I have been his wife for many a year, I have forgotten that he is not handsome—or rather he is beautiful to me, because I see his grand and loving spirit shining through his plain features

and animating his awkward figure. I have long since laid aside, as utterly untenable, my theory that beautiful spirits dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a providential comparison that, in denying physical perfection, the soul is not dwarfed or marred by pretty vanity or love of the world's praise.

**Kansas Pedlars at their 'Hellish Work.'**

From the Kansas City Advertiser.

Night before last, about midnight,

we met Mr. S. Von Ortzen, who informed us that he, in company with Major Grobe, started about 8 o'clock that evening from this place for Olathe, to hunt young prairie chickens. Four miles beyond Westport, in the State of Kansas, three miles beyond the line, near the "Summit Nursery," they were accosted by some mounted men, in all numbering about nine. Arms were drawn on him and his companion and they were robbed of one horse, saddle, and bridle, also, shot guns, and

At about one mile beyond this the same

gang of robbers after robbing a teamster, an hour later as we learn from Recorder Carpenter, one of their number was shot through the breast, and it not expected to live. The robber's name was given as Charles Wood, of Co. B, 1st Illinois Regiment, recently pardoned from the Illinois Penitentiary, and had been three weeks in Missouri. He had black hair and whiskers, was apparently between twenty-five and twenty-eight years of age. On his person was found a stolen knife belonging

to some one of the wagoners, and was recognized by the owner. He seems after the robber was shot, by a Missourian en route to Colorado, his companions returned to carry him away, but finding him unable to ride they divested his person of all he had save the knife, including seven hundred dollars taken from one of the teamsters. We learn the shot gun, belonging to Maj. Grebe, was recovered near where the man was shot.

The wound of Woods, and told him he could not live, and would have obtained the fact in regard to his history, had not the presence of an inconsiderate person prevented.

We learn from parties present that the persons inhabiting the "Ranch," near by where the shooting took place, objected to any examination of the wounded robber, calculated to arrive at his identity.

The Chicago Republican wants to

THE Chicago Republican knows "what is a white man?" We answer the superior—the master—such fellows as the editor.

THAD. STEVENS has been renominated for Congress in Pennsylvania. They had no Ish (18 karats) to run against him, and therefore took the blackest man they had.

An Indian editor says a conserva-

JNO. D. STRAAT, who comes in, by appointment from Tom. Fletcher, a Assistant Circuit Attorney for St. Louis, is a printer by trade; could never learn the business, and hence betrod

himself to the law. If he be a better lawyer than he was a compositor, it is well; but we doubt it. He will make terrible blunders. He is red-headed, wears glasses, weighs about 130, and when he moves about the streets, has an inclination to look over the crowd around him, whether from a superiority or shame of his radical proclivities we know not.

"Before I left Richmond I saw a portrait of Gen. Butler, painted by Mr. Wm. E. Trahern. It is about 50 by 55 inches, and will be exhibited for sale at the fair to be held at the Trinity Church."

Butler is recognized in regimentals upon horseback, leaving a sacked city with the door-plates of it. Yeardon suspended from his neck, a basket, of each arm filled with silver plates, goblets, pitchers, knives and forks, dishes and spoons, and front, upon the horse a lady's outer and inner dress."

mitted, leaves them. The following is a clause from his retiring letter: "We welcome him into the Great Union Party, the only Union party in the country."

I was opposed to secession in 1861 and I am just as much opposed to expulsion in 1866; therefore I cannot accede harmoniously with that wing of the Republican party which follows the lead of Congress.

I remain, very respectfully, Your  
obedient servant, **THOS. J. YOUNG.**